

CARING FOR THE YOUNGSTER'S HAIR.

Continued From Page One.

the shake. Lift the hair lock by lock in this manner, until the air reaches every inch of the scalp. Go over the whole head lifting and shaking and letting the air into the roots.

The massaging of the scalp is a good thing if a little oil be used. Castor oil is the best of all oils, but it is apt to be offensive, and for this reason olive oil or sweet almond oil can be substituted. The scalp is taken inch by inch, and the oil is rubbed into the roots.

If the hair shows a tendency to be thin on top, a very gentle pounding of the scalp will sometimes stimulate the roots. Part the hair, lift the hands so that the back of the hand comes down on the scalp, and, ever so gently, go over the whole head, wherever the hair seems to be thin.

If the little girl's hair is too straight for beauty it can be waved, but the waving should be done by the use of a waving iron. Do not wet the roots and let the hair be very slightly dampened. Do not really wet it, but moisten the palms of the hands and rub them over the hair. This will make a sufficient moisture to give the wave.

The child's hair should be done up on hair wrappers or on very soft paper. Hair will answer the purpose, but there should be nothing done that will pull the hair by the roots. The wrappers should be tied some inches from the end and not screwed tight to the scalp, as is too often done.

It is far better for the little girl's head to let nature alone in the matter of waving and not try to force it into an unnatural curl, for the child's head is pretty enough if the hair be kept light and clean and if it be made to grow thick and is tastefully dressed. Curling must always injure it more or less, for it surely breaks the hair.

Answers to Correspondents in Regard to Beauty Questions.

Dear Miss Martineau: Will you kindly tell me how I can treat superfluous hair on the upper lip without the use of electricity? I have found your advice in the paper very beneficial. It is worth a try to answer this. A SUBSCRIBER.

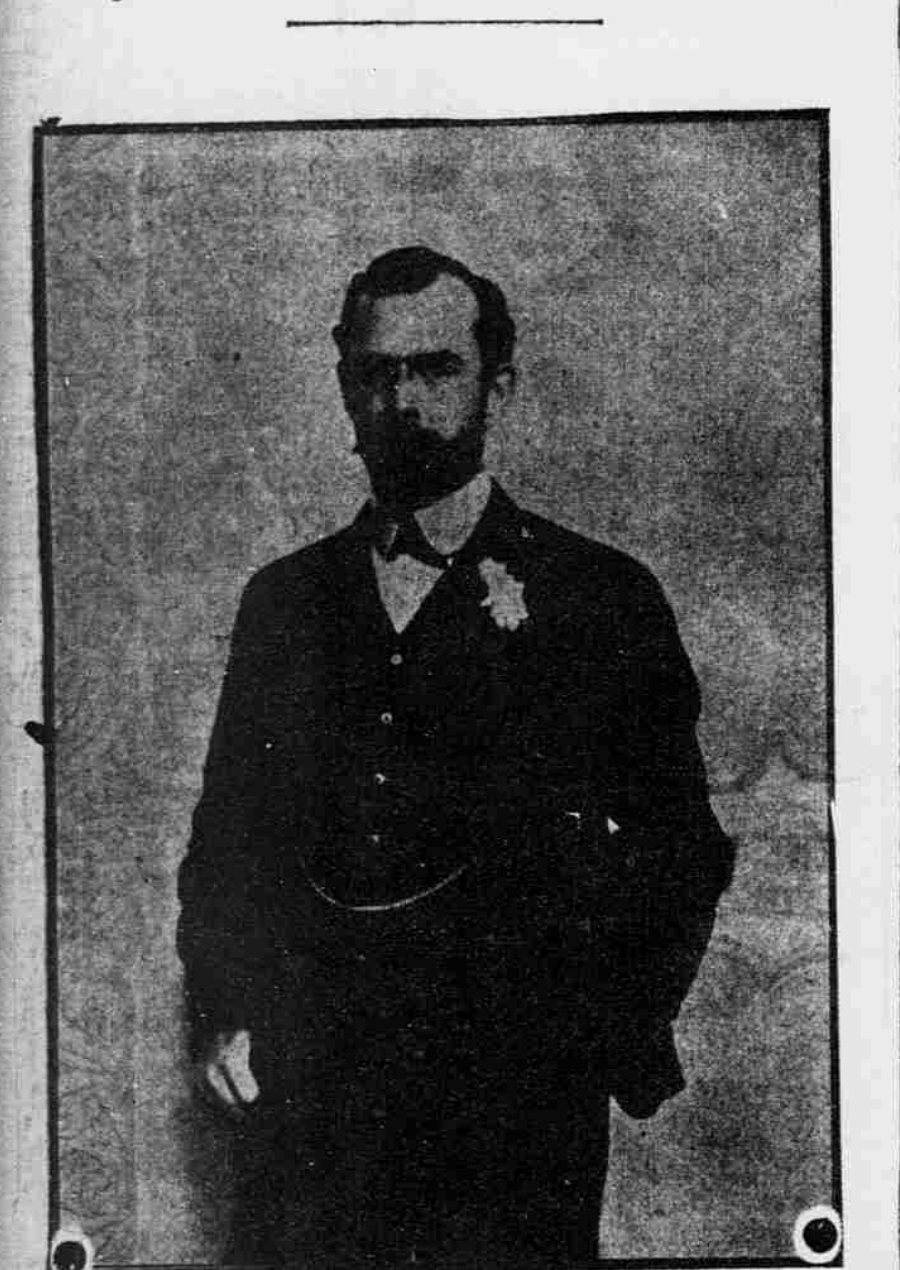
Try pumice stone. Moisten it in lukewarm water and rub it on the upper lip as to the skin. Repeat once a day until you have scrubbed the hair off.

Dear Miss Martineau: Can you answer through the columns of the paper and tell me how to get rid of hair moles on the face? I am troubled with three that cause me a great deal of annoyance.

MISS T. S. W.

You can have the moles removed. There are people who make a business of taking off facial blemishes. One way, now being tried, is to simply shave off the mole. The work must be done by a physician, who takes his knife and Yoda, the excruciating. It is done in a second and is

JAMES J. HILL'S Sons Are Being Trained to Take Up Work of Their Father in World of Finance.



LOUIS W. HILL.

Louis W. Hill, son of James J. Hill, railroad king of the Northwest, is being carefully trained to take up the work of his father. He and his brother James are both graduates of Yale. They have gone through every department of the Great Northern road, from the construction work to the executive offices, spending six months or a year in familiarizing themselves with each and obtaining a practical knowledge of the methods which have been used with such enormous success by their father. Louis hopes he will live to see the day when the railroad would say of him as they now say of his father: "You must either agree with Jim Hill or kill him."

RISKS TAKEN BY SCIENTISTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

When Lord Kelvin has once solved a problem in mathematics, he is willing to stake upon its correctness, not only his reputation, but his life. This led to an experiment which seemed to the spectators appalling hazardous.

The great scientist calculated what was the exact size of the smallest steel wire capable of bearing the weight of a fifty-six-pound cannon ball. He then procured a wire of this diameter, and, to prove the correctness of his figures, suspended the big lump of iron from the ceiling exactly over the spot where he stood when delivering his lectures. There it remained for several weeks. If the wire had gone, nothing could have saved the great scientist from a fatal blow.

No men walk more calmly open-eyed into peril than the followers of science. Those interested in electricity will remember how, a few years ago, Nikola Tesla, to prove the truth of his theory of vibratory electricity, passed through his own body a current supposedly powerful enough to kill an elephant. He had no practical means of telling before he connected the wires whether the next second he would not be lying dead. But his theory proved to be true, and he was unharmed.

Living Among Wild Beasts.

Few people are brave enough to venture into a lion's cage. The very idea of entering a cage with a monstrous snake is repellant. Yet, for the purpose of examining the eyes of these creatures, and proving whether they possessed the "yellow spot," which man uses in reading, Mr. A. W. Head, F. Z. S., has recently spent hours in the cages of wild beasts. For the purpose of this investigation the eye of each separate animal has had to be examined for a period of not less than two hours on end, at a distance of only half an inch.

Some of the wild creatures thus examined were tied in sacks or muzzled, but others were driven mad by such confinement, and with lions, tigers and the rest of the cat family, patience and courage were of little avail. The artist found it necessary to hold the heads of these giant

reptiles with one hand, whilst he worked with the other.

Speaking of snakes, Professor Calmette of the Pasteur Institute has for years been working in the effort to discover means to snake poison. In the course of his researches he has handled and extracted the venom from rattlesnakes, death-adders, cobras, hamadryads and almost every deadly reptile on earth.

Quite lately came his first accident. He was bitten on the hand by a large and lively cobra. So deadly is cobra venom that a Hindu once bitten gives up hope and lies down at once to die. Death comes in from twenty to thirty minutes. Mon. Calmette merely injected some of his new serum, and was at work again next day. Unfortunately, he again poisoned the wound, and has been forced to have the finger amputated. This loss seems to trouble the plucky scientist very little.

Ten Days Without Food.

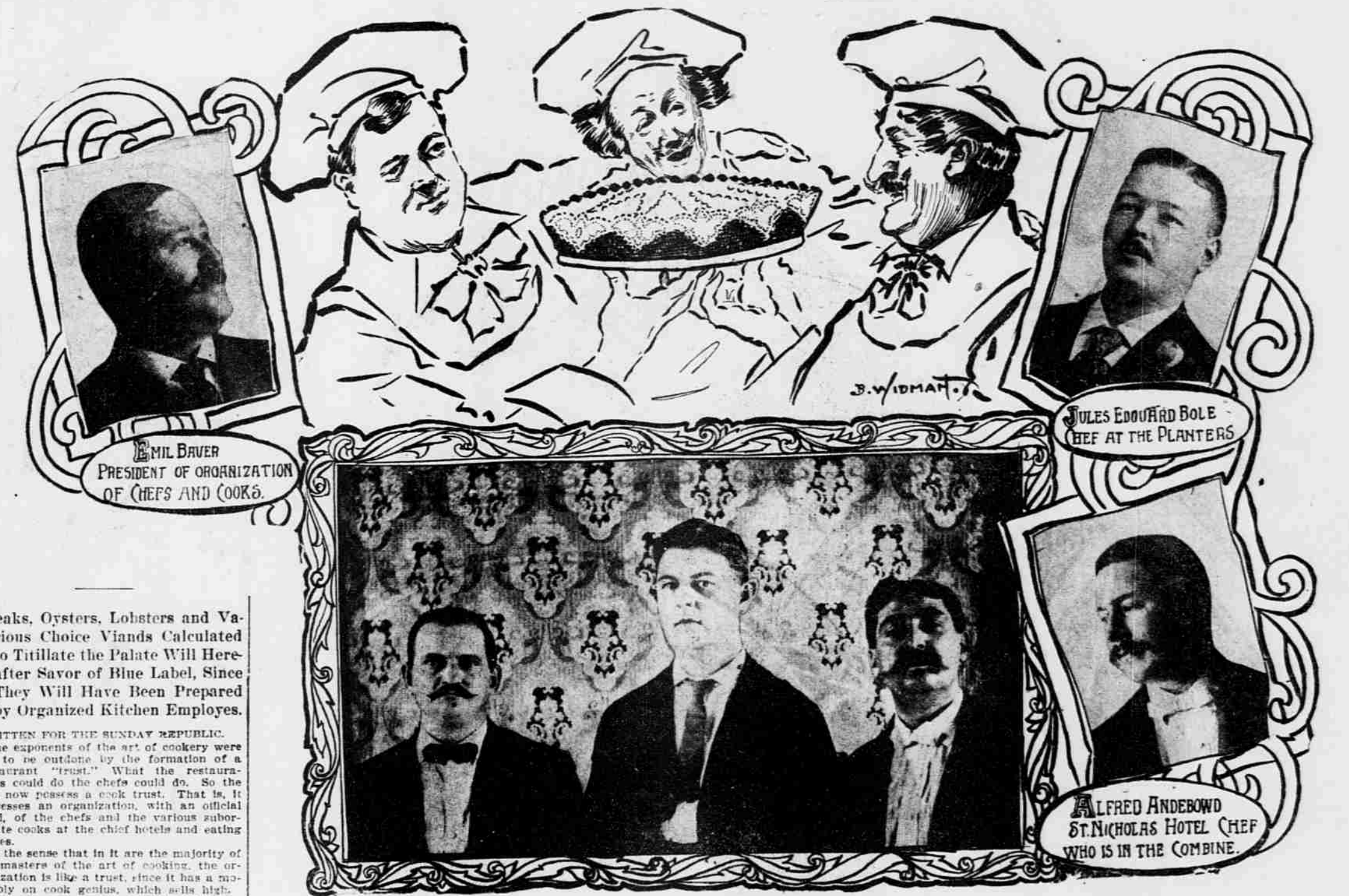
Interest in the ill-fated Andree expedition has recently been revived by the story that the explorer and his two companions were shot by Eskimos instead of being drowned as supposed. If ever men took their lives in their hands for the sake of science these were Andree and his fellows. Yet, certain as their fate is, it does not deter others from the cause of knowledge. Doctor Hutchinson of Cambridge recently ascended from the Crystal Palace for the purpose of chasing the ever-active bacillus in the higher reaches of the atmosphere. He was caught in a strong gale and whirled away, but succeeded in dropping near Canterbury none the worse for his experience.

Preparations for a far more daring feat are being made by Herr Zerkel of Potsdam, a German balloonist. In May or June he is about to fill a new monster balloon, containing 23,000 cubic feet of gas, take provisions for a month, and attempt to cross Europe to the East. No drag rope will be used, and the giant albatross will wander at the wind's sweet will. Another feat of a similar kind is being planned by a living man has come nearer to losing his life in his work.

Doctor Sven Hedin has done more than any man alive to fill in the map of Central Asia and the desert of Gobi, and the living man has come nearer to losing his life in his work.

SPIRIT OF ORGANIZATION HAS SEIZED ST. LOUIS COOKS.

CHEFS AND THEIR ASSISTANTS HAVE BANDED TOGETHER IN A SOCIETY KNOWN AS THE "CULINARY PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION," THUS TO RENDER THEMSELVES INDISPENSABLE AND OF SERVICE TO EACH OTHER.



Steaks, Oysters, Lobsters and Various Choice Viands Calculated to Titillate the Palate Will Hereafter Savor of Blue Label, Since They Will Have Been Prepared by Organized Kitchen Employees.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The exponents of the art of cookery were not to be outdone by the formation of a restaurant trust. What the restaurateurs could do the chefs could do. So the city now possess a cook trust. That is, it possesses an organization, with an official head, of the chefs and the various subordinate cooks at the chief hotels and eating places.

In the sense that in it are the majority of the masters of the art of cooking, the organization is like a trust, since it has a monopoly on cook genius, which sells high. In another sense, the new society is like a union, though there is no question of a wage scale. But nevertheless the "culinary protective association" is the extra out of left, the broiled lobster and the various other viands and delicacies calculated to titillate the palate, will hereafter savor of the blue label, since they will have been cooked by a member of the Culinary Protective Association.

Up to date 120 cooks have entered the "association," with more coming, according to the officers. No distinction in rank exists. The chefs in the large kitchens, who are artists imported, who devise new dishes to satisfy epicurean tastes, who are paid enormous salaries, have joined hands with a host of subordinates who are not chefs, but just cooks.

Members Say Society Will Educate the Public Palate.

Brethren of the trade think that the formation of the society is a great step forward in the cooking business in this city. It is a new thing here, and the members are hopeful of the future. They think that the association will do much to spread abroad the fundamental principles of their art and at the same time will have a distinctively educative effect upon the public palate.

Associated, they think that new ideas will be more freely discussed and put into operation. As the society grows each new member will have the opportunity to acquire a little of the knowledge possessed by the others. In this way the general standard of cookery. In this way the general standard

and among cooks is to be raised. Then, if the cooks are better the food will be better cooked and the public, by having a chance to sample it, will be educated into knowing good cooking. This is the Culinary Protective Association to do great things in St. Louis.

It is a well-known fact that the science of gastronomy has its headquarters in Europe. France is the land of delicate dishes. The French believe in making the business of eating an extremely intricate thing. The palate of the Frenchman is treated with respect. Nothing is more severely criticized than bad cooking. A man may paint a bad picture over there or write a bad book and still pass in good society, but if a cook transgresses the person who employs him loses caste completely.

But, if France has the cooks, all the world has an appetite. Consequently French cooks are drawn to America and are now superintending the cuisine in many of the best eating-houses the country over. A goodly percentage of the members of the new protective organization are Frenchmen.

Society Will Provide Death and Sick Benefits.

Jules Edouard Bole, chef at the Planters Hotel, is one of these Frenchmen, whose

gradually been educated into a nation of cooks, even more so now than France, though, of course, France still produces the most cooks. Then, some few chefs are American born. They have grown up, you might say, in the kitchens in New York or Chicago, and have learned the foreign ideas.

The employees in the culinary department of a large hotel or restaurant are classed under several heads. First comes the chef himself, who is above all a man of ideas. He is productive of innovation, yet who understands all the details of actual cooking. Next in line are the second cook and the night chef. As the chef might be called the general manager of the kitchen, his assistants might be termed superintendents, one of whom is on duty during the day and the other at night. Then come the brothers, the roast cooks and the fry cooks. The kitchen butcher, the pastry cooks and the baker complete the list.

The kitchen butcher is very different from the ordinary butcher. He must know much as to making certain cuts of meats. Every order requires a different cut, and in fashion

People go there from all over the world and they want good things to eat when they get there. For that reason the Swiss have

knowledge, acquired abroad, is devoted in St. Louis to the preparation of viands for the table. He is natural in form and small of stature and extremely nervous in temperament. The odor, the color and every external indication of a dish as prepared by a subordinate cook tells the chef Bole immediately whether the work has been rightly done. If it has not, then there is trouble; for Mr. Bole believes that there are discords alike in music and cooking. A discord in cooking upsets him in the same way that a discord in music upsets a nervous musician.

Bole is much interested in the protective association. "That the cooks are getting together shows that St. Louis is getting ahead," said he. "The idea has been adopted in Chicago and there is no reason why it should not be here. The association will provide death and sick benefits and will operate a cooks' employment agency. Chalmers have been rented by the association at Seventh and St. Charles streets. There monthly meetings will be held."

"Yes, many of us come from France. But a good many from Switzerland and Germany, too. There are a great many hotels in Switzerland."

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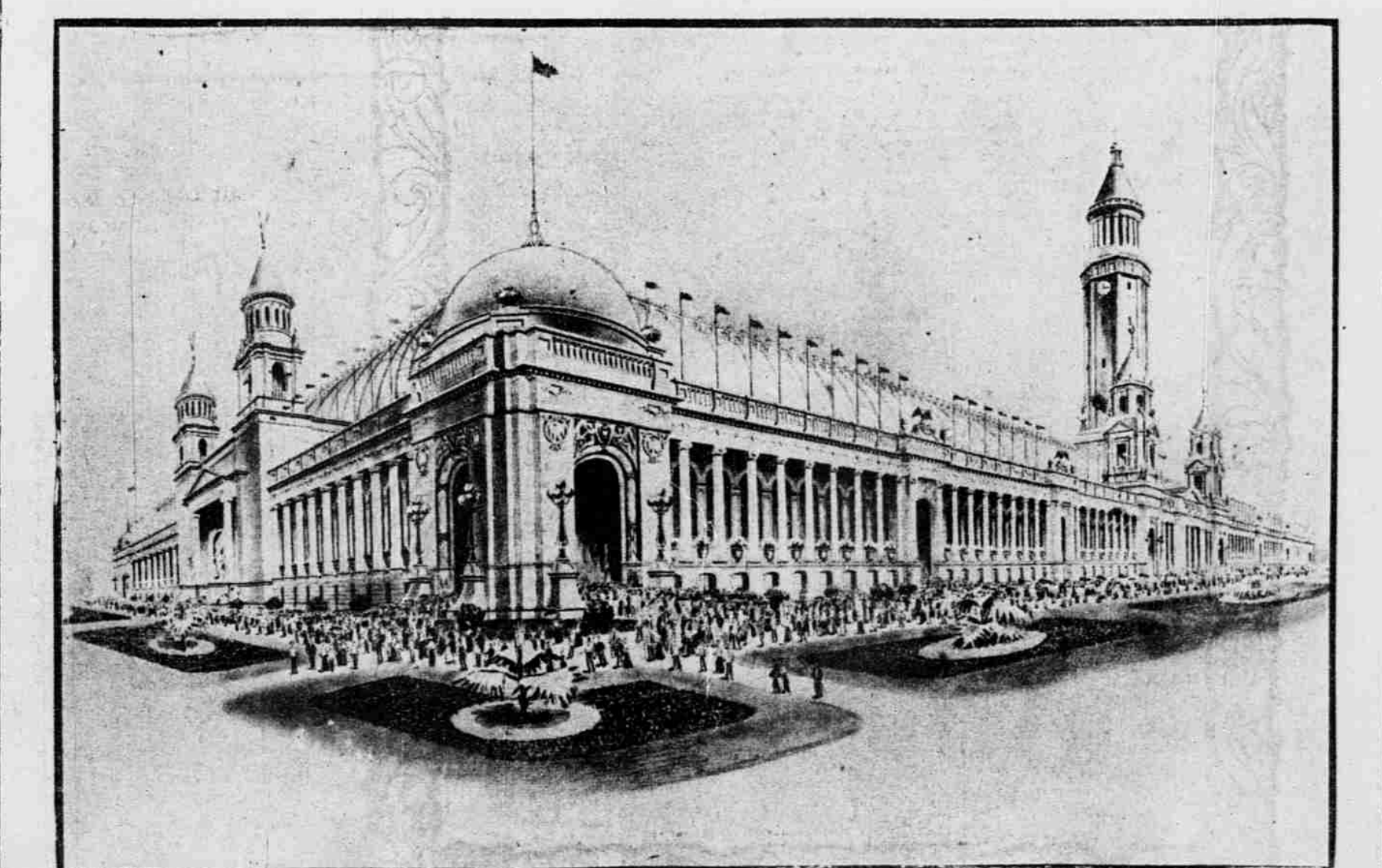
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GREAT BUILDINGS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR AS THEY WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED--No. 1.



One of the largest buildings in the great group of structures which are intended to give the World's Fair its architectural stamp is Varied Industries. It is also one of the most festive palaces forming the principal picture of the Exposition. Its total length is 1,200 feet and its width 225 feet. Eight domes and eight spires and one massive tower

On May Day, 1886, he and his men had finished all their water, and were mad with raging thirst. Yet for nine days afterwards the explorer went on and on through the awful sandy waste resolved not to die. He lay stripped on the sand to absorb its moisture, chewed the green leaves of desert shrubs, and when strength had almost left him, crawled forward on all fours towards the distant belt of green forest where he felt that water lay.

His last follower dropped. He went on. He reached the river. It was dry. Still on hands and knees he crossed the bed. It was

nearly two miles wide. A duck rose with a splash, and there at last was a pool of fresh water. Even then this amazing man felt his pulse before quenching his thirst. It was forty-eight "I drank, and drank, and drank," he says. "It was a most lovely feeling. I felt my blood liquefying; it began to run in my veins, my pores opened. My pulse went up to fifty-three; I felt quite fresh and living." It had been nine days since Hedin had tasted water, and ten since he had eaten a mouthful of food.

An expedition was sent to New Mexico a couple of years ago by the United States

Government to complete the geological survey of a tract of wild and desolate country. Mr. Clarence King, who was in charge, was forced to employ such assistants as he could get on the spot—a rough and lawless set. It was hard work to keep them together. One day a man deserted. Mr. King knew what that meant. If the man were unpunished a stampede would follow, and the whole expedition would fall. He chose a companion upon whose silence he could rely, mounted and took the trail.

A Lesson to Deserters.

On the third day they ran down the de-

serter, and left him at a Government fort which happened to be near. The deserter had subsisted on what game he could kill. His horse, a white one, was stolen wild, the blood of raw meat which had been tied behind the saddle. In grim silence Mr. King and the other rode back into camp leading the deserter's crimson-streaked horse. He said not a word to the men. Curiosity at length drove them to inquire what had become of the deserter. Their leader glanced meaningly at the blood-stained horse. "He is gone," he said, "where anybody else who tries to desert will go, too." The discipline

of that camp during the rest of the hazardous journey was perfect.

Excavations have lately been in progress amid the ruins of the ancient city of Napata, in Egypt. The ruins are of enormous size and buried to a great depth. One of the explorers, Mr. James Lalum, is a young man of most perilous experience in his eagerness to wrest its secret from the foundations of one of these palaces.

The diggers had pored through forty feet of rubble and found a passage which sloped downward to a depth of sixty or seventy feet below the surface. Here was a circular chamber with walls of heavy stone. Mr. Lalum went to his waist and uncertain where the passage lay. In the stifling gloom he was forced to feel around the walls, the water rising with terrible fury. He only just in time that he found the entrance and staggered up the passage into safety.

MME. ADELINA PATTI'S SIMPLE MODE OF LIFE.

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